

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphus, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted faile
Is scattered and dis-joyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur rane prisoner; diuers deere friends slaine?

And bloody England into England gone,

Ore-bearing interruption spight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example: who hath read, or heard

Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,

So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,

Holding th'eternall spint against her will.

In the wilde prison of afflicted breath:

I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now; now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,

But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:

Death, death, O amiable, fouly death,

Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenesse,

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,

And I will kisse thy detestable bones.

And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,

And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,

And stop this gap of breath with fullome dust,

And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;

Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou sinil'st,

And buste thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,

O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace,

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:

O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy

Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,

Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,

I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,

My name is Constance, I was Geffreyes wife,

Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost:

I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,

For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:

O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?

Preach some Philofophy to make me mad

And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall)

For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,

And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:

If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowes were he;

I am not mad: too well, too well I feele

The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note

In the faire multitude of those her haire;

Where but by chance a filuer drop hath faile,

Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends

Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,

Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,

Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,

O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,

As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:

But now I enuie at their libertie,

And will againe commit them to their bonds,

Because my poore childe is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:

If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;

For since the birth of Caine, the first male-childe

To him that did but yesterday supire,

There was not such a gracious creature borne:

But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,

And chafe the native beauty from his cheeke,

And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,

As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,

And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,

When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen

I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of griefe.

Con. He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.

Con. Griefe fills the room vpon my absent childe:

Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

Pats on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,

Remembets me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his forme;

Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?

Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,

I could giue better comfort then you doe,

I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,

When there is such disorder in my witte:

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire sonne,

My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:

My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her.

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull eare of a drowzie man;

And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,

That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong discafe,

Euen in the instant of repaire and health,

The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue

On their departure, most of all shew euill:

What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,

Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:

'Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand

Within the Arras: when I strike my foot

Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth

And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me

Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Vnclely scruples feare not you: looke too't.

Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title.

To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.

Ar. 'Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night

Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,

So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe

I should be as merry as the day is long:

And so I would be heere, but that I doubt

My Vnckle practises more harme to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was Geffreyes sonne?

No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen

I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,

Insooth I would you were a little sicke,

That I might sit all night, and watch with you.

I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.

Reade heere yong Arthur. How now foolish rheume?

Turning dispitious torture out of doore?

I must be breefe, least resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.

Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairly Hubert, for so foule effect.

Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Roy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Haue you the heart? When your head did but

ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes

(The best I had, a Princeesse wrought it me)

And I did neuer aske it you againe:

And with my hand, at midnight held your head;

And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,

Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;

Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your griefe?

Or what good loue may I performe for you?

Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,

And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:

But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:

Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,

And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,